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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

[T]here is enough in the simplest conception of personal hereditary slavery, to revolt every just and liberal mind, independently of all aggravations to be found in its particular origin, or in abuses of the master's powers. But how much should sympathy and indignation be enhanced, when the cruel perpetual privation of freedom, and of almost every civil and human right, is the punishment of no crime, nor the harsh consequence of public hostility in war, but imposed upon the innocent and helpless, by the hand of rapacious violence alone; and maintained for no other object but the sordid one of the master's profit, by the excessive labor to which they are compelled?—STEPHEN.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

This Convention was held in Philadelphia on the 4th instant, pursuant to public notice, and continued in session until the 15th. Eight States were represented by the following delegates:

MARYLAND.
Baltimore—Samuel Elliot, Robert Cowley, Samuel Hiner.
DELAWARE.
Wilmington—Jacob Morgan, Joseph Barton, Abraham D. Shad, William Johnson, Peter Gardner.
NEW-JERSEY.
Camden—Thomas Banks, Thomas D. Coxin.
Trenton—Aaron Roberts.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Philadelphia—John Bowers, William Whipper, Frederick A. Hinton, Benjamin Paschal, Julius C. Morel.

Carlisle—John Peck.
Lewistown—Samuel Johnson.
Pittsburgh—J. B. Vashon, A. D. Lewis, (absent.)

NEW-YORK.
New-York City—Thomas L. Jennings, Henry Sipkins, William Hamilton, Philip A. Bell.
Brooklyn—James Pennington.

CONNECTICUT.
New-Haven—Scipio C. Augustus.
Hartford—Paul Drayton.

RHODE-ISLAND.
Providence—Ichabod Northup.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston—Hosea Easton.

New-Bedford—Nathan Johnson.

The fact that the number of delegates, this year, was double that of the last, shows that the Convention is rising in interest and importance with the free colored population of this country.

The question which excited the greatest interest, and elicited the most debate, related to the purchase of lands in Upper Canada, as an asylum for those who may be compelled to remove from the slaveholding States. Various opinions were entertained as to the policy and practicability of this measure; but, happily, after a long and animated discussion, a report was drawn up by a Committee on the subject, which was unanimously accepted by the Convention. In this report, it is declared inexpedient to make the contemplated purchase; but provision is made for the appointment of an agent or agents in Canada, to whom monies may be forwarded for the relief of any needy colored emigrants arriving in that province.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted, advising the free people of color, in all sections of the country, to form among themselves temperance societies on the principle of entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits—and also to buy those goods which are raised by free laborers, in preference to those raised by the slaves.

The Convention likewise passed a resolution, calling upon them to send in petitions to the next session of Congress, remonstrating against the appropriation of any monies to aid the American Colonization Society in its unhallowed enterprise; and beseeching Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. A remonstrance and petition, in relation to these objects, signed by the President and Secretary of the Convention, will be sent to the next Congress.

It is probable that an intelligent colored agent (perhaps a clergyman) will be appointed to travel through the free States by the authority of the Convention, for the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the public in behalf of the free colored population—showing that they are universal-ly opposed to the Colonization Society, that it is their worst enemy, that they are resolved never to leave the land of their birth—and repelling the slanders of that Society, by showing their improved, and constantly improving condition. Such an agent cannot fail to make a deep and salutary impression upon the public mind, scarcely inferior to that produced by John Ridge, the eloquent representative of the Cherokees.

It is the determination of the Convention zealously to persevere in its efforts to establish a College, on the manual labor system, for the education of colored youth. By the Report of the Rev. Mr. Cornish, (the agent,) it appears that he obtained subscriptions in a short period, last year, for this noble object, to an amount between two and three thousand dollars, including the munificent donation of \$1000 by ARTHUR TAPPAN, Esq.—but, in consequence of the insurrection in Virginia, and the turbulent proceedings of the people of New-Haven, he desisted from his labors, with the advice of his friends, until the public mind should become calm. Mr. Cornish has been re-elected agent by the Convention to prosecute the enterprise with new vigor. I cannot, for one moment, doubt of its success. I believe that the funds may be raised more easily now, than they could have been last year. The violent opposition manifested in New-Haven has only served to increase the number of those who are friendly to the institution. The College will probably be located in New-Jersey, though the site is not yet definitely fixed.

The Provisional and other Committees, appointed last year, were re-elected to serve until the next meeting of the Convention.

Besides the acceptance of two addresses—one to the white, the other to the free colored population of the United States, no other business of importance was transacted by the Convention. Its proceedings will be immediately published in a pamphlet form, in Philadelphia, copies of which will be forwarded to various parts of the country—and I trust every man of color will be ready to buy a copy.

Among the white visitors to the Convention, were the Rev. Mr. Jocelyn, Thomas Shipley, Evan Lewis, Charles W. Denison, and the Rev. Mr. Harrison, a missionary at St. Kitts, one of

the British islands—all staunch and thorough-going friends of the people of color—and all devoted, more or less, to the cause of abolition. They severally addressed the Convention in a feeling and eloquent manner. The address of the Rev. Mr. Harrison disclosed many remarkable and soul-cheering facts. He stated that he had resided in St. Kitts for more than twenty years; and the condition of the slaves now, in that island, in Nevis and Tortola, contrasted with their condition when he first went among them, (in a moral point of view,) is as the light of day to the darkness of midnight. Twenty years since, scarcely a slave could be found who knew the alphabet; now, there are comparatively few who cannot read. Most of the young slaves are taught to read before they are sent into the field to labor. The day of their redemption is at hand. The most respectable and virtuous, in many cases the most wealthy and influential people in those islands, are free persons of color. Mr. Harrison recapitulated many of their names, with their truly christian deeds—among them were several females, distinguished for their philanthropy.

The Rev. Mr. Jocelyn gave a highly interesting account of the various schools which were established in different parts of the country for the education of colored children and youth. The number was truly gratifying, and yet his list was far from being complete. These schools are so many moral batteries constantly playing against the great fabric of prejudice and oppression; and in good time they will beat it down to the ground, so that there shall not be left one stone upon another.

A large sum of money has been bequeathed by a person in Charleston, South Carolina, for the promotion of education among free persons of color. A benevolent member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, lately deceased, has bequeathed \$10,000 for the establishment of a school or schools in that city and its vicinity for the education of colored youth. The Manumission Society of New-York has resolved to establish six additional schools in that city for a similar object. These are cheering facts.

At the request of several friends in Philadelphia, I publish below a portion of my address delivered to the delegates at the close of the Convention.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention:—The hour of separation is at hand! Another year must elapse before the convocation of another assembly like the present. In perspective, it seems placed at a remote and toilsome distance: but the past has vanished like a dream, and the present will fade, like the tropic lights, almost instantaneously into darkness. Our own mortality—the vicissitudes of life—the popular character of this body—f forbid the hope that we shall all meet together on the next, or on any succeeding anniversary. Here, then, some of us take our final leave—perhaps until the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. God of the living and the dead! if it must be so, grant that we may all assemble in thy heavenly kingdom, in the fullness of time, never again to feel the pang of absence, or fear the blast of adversity, or shed the tear of sorrow!

Gentlemen, you have convened for high and noble purposes. The inducements which have led you to come from afar, and cheerfully to sacrifice your time and means, are neither selfish nor trivial. They did not originate in the restlessness of mad ambition, nor in the unhalloved impulses of wild sedition, nor in the craftiness of undying revenge. Your object is peace, not war—to build up, not to destroy—to gain the confidence and sympathy of the nation, not to excite distrust or provoke hostility—to devise the best way, carry into effect the best measures, and procure the most ample means, for the moral, intellectual and social advancement of the entire free colored population of the United States. With so much discretion, sobriety, manliness and excellence were the proceedings of your last Convention conducted, that even the tongue of detraction has been dumb, and every prophesier of evil things confounded. Nothing in your recent proceedings, I am confident, is calculated to impair the respect of your friends, or feed the malice of your enemies. You have taught—you are teaching, mankind lessons of magnanimity, and patient endurance, and virtuous integrity, worthy to be recorded in letters of light upon the whole firmament, that all may read and profit thereby.

Gentlemen, your deliberations are pregnant with interests too vast for computation, with influences too potent for a limited operation, with consequences too grand for the scope of a single mind. They will affect not your own condition merely, or that of the slaves, or the prosperity of the nation; but even the dwellers in Central

Africa, and the colored population of the world. As you rise in dignity and intelligence, you will lift up the oppressed of all nations, not for one but for many generations. This exordium may seem bloated to persons destitute of reflection; but who that understands the nature, diffusiveness and immortality of moral influence, or is familiar with the history of moral events, will accuse me of extravagance? No, gentlemen—as the representatives of a large population, upon whose proceedings every eye is fixed, and to whom are committed the most sacred trusts, there is no danger of overrating your influence. The danger lies altogether on the other side—in the proneness of mind to depreciate its power, and to shun responsibility.

The Convention, being now placed upon a popular basis, is hereafter to take a wider scope than was contemplated at its birth. Instead of directing its attention almost exclusively to one object, it will embrace the interests of the free people of color, in whatever portion of the country they may reside. This is truly a matter of congratulation. No other course can allay jealousy, or excite interest, or secure confidence, or promote union. If the Convention in its infancy is attracting the attention and exciting the wonder of the American people, what will be its probable influence in the course of a few years? If fifteen delegates, at the last meeting, could surprise the nation, and inspire thousands of drooping hearts with hope and courage, what may not one hundred (and I hope to witness even a larger number than this) accomplish?

Permit me to congratulate you upon the happy termination of your debates. If any undue ardor or personal crimination has been witnessed, the result has proven that it did not originate in malignity or passion, but was owing to an earnest and liberal desire to pursue that course which individually seemed best calculated to promote the general good. It was an evidence of patriotism and principle, rather than of selfishness and ill-will. The collision of mind with mind, if untingered with animosity, is useful and unavoidable. After the avowal of so many discordant opinions, relative to the purchase of lands in Upper Canada, the disposal of that question by a unanimous vote not only conferred credit upon the head and heart which edited the report, but spoke volumes for the generous concessions and liberal views of the members.

Gentlemen, I feel on this occasion the poverty of language, to a degree hitherto unknown to me. The hope, the confidence, the joy, the attachment, which swell in my breast, are too strong for utterance. I would tell you, if I could, how highly I appreciate that pacific disposition manifested by yourselves, individually and collectively, which, under the most aggravated insult and persecution, bears itself meekly and unresistingly. Still cherish it, and it shall bring you a more speedy deliverance than weapons of war. Most proudly do I bear testimony that on no occasion have I heard the utterance of a single threat against the owners of slaves at the south, or the proposal of any measure for their injury. On the contrary, I have seen a scrupulous, rigid and unanimous determination to give no countenance to violence of any kind, and not to intermeddle with the slave population. Gentlemen, this is to you a crown of honor; and it furnishes your friends a weapon with which to cut down all the slanders of your enemies. Surely forgiveness of injuries is better than retaliation! A sense of duty to yourselves and your constituents will lead you to disclaim, in your own and their behalf, any connexion with the Southampton tragedy in Virginia, and to deprecate its repetition in any part of the country. You are sensible that every similar occurrence must inevitably tend to your injury by fastening upon you suspicions, which, however groundless and unjust, will cause new burdens to be heaped upon you. I believe you have stronger reasons for dreading a southern insurrection than the whites themselves; and therefore you will on all occasions express your abhorrence of sanguinary deeds on the part of the slave population.

Be not afraid to maintain and assert your rights by all legal measures. Never sacrifice any principle because policy may seem to demand it. Meekness and forbearance are noble traits of character; but pusillanimity and servility are unworthy of those who were made but a little lower than the angels. Be men—honest, fearless, independent men—and respect and courtesy shall follow in your path.

Gentlemen, let me earnestly conjure you, and through you, all the free people of color, to avoid the use and traffic of ardent spirits, as you would avoid death and hell. To drink or sell it, is to drink and sell liquid damnation. God is my witness, that great as is my detestation of slavery and the foreign slave trade, I had rather be a

slaveholder,—yes, a kidnapper on the African coast, than sell this poison to my fellow creatures for common consumption. Since the creation of the world, there has been no tyrant like INTemperance, and no slaves so cruelly treated as his; and moderate drinking is the snare in which he has secured millions of victims, to feed upon their bodies and souls with more than fiend-like rapacity. You must make extraordinary exertions to promote the cause of temperance among your constituents; for the relative situation between the whites and the people of color is growing more and more disproportionate, in consequence of the successful efforts of the former to abolish the use of ardent spirits among themselves. The temperance reformation is lifting up the white population to happiness and usefulness with a steady and rapid pace. The people of color must not tarry behind for a moment; for every moment's delay will only make their degradation the more apparent. If you inquire of me, what will soonest give the colored population competence, respectability, knowledge and virtue, I answer, the formation of temperance societies, on the principle of entire abstinence from the use of spirituous liquors. Let all classes march up to this standard, and engage in this work, and miracles will follow.

Gentlemen, perhaps you left home as men, but, I pray you, return as giants, strong enough to lift up the whole colored community in which you reside. To despond or falter is criminal. Is not Jehovah with us? Are not Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, our leaders? If we are true to ourselves—to our cause—and to God, defeat is impossible. I, for one, can never—no, not for an instant—doubt or despond; and as I have on other occasions given my pledge to the world, that, by divine assistance, I never will give up the cause, so now do I renew this pledge.

Gentlemen, farewell! For your kindness and support, given to me without measure, I tender you my heart-felt gratitude. May the present prove the happiest year of your lives, and bring with it freedom and happiness to the oppressed of every clime. Let us lift up the head and strengthen the feeble knees. Let us look not to the dust—not to the past—but, as God made us, with our faces heavenward, heavenward!

INTERESTING FACTS.

Prejudice is beginning to lose its malignity. I had the pleasure of spending an evening in New-York, a short time since, at the house of the Rev. Peter Williams, in company with two colored youth, who give promise of extraordinary genius and talent. They attend one of the high schools in that city, which is composed of the sons of the most wealthy and influential citizens, and are treated with the utmost respect. The scholars belonging to this school have formed themselves into a Debating Society, and, honorable to relate, these two colored young men have been unanimously elected to preside over the same—the one as President, the other as Secretary. Out of four prizes which were recently offered in the school for the best Greek, Latin and English essays, they triumphantly carried off three! Let the Colonization Society no longer dare tell us that persons of color can never rise from their degradation here—can never be placed on an equality with others—can never win the prize of victory. It may not relish such facts; but others, equally disagreeable, shall be given to it in due season.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

As I was pacing the deck of the steam-boat in New-York, which was to carry me to Philadelphia, a lady came on board, a member of the Society of Friends. As I am always happy to see a person in her peculiar garb, I immediately entered into conversation with her. Opposite to the steam-boat was a vessel swarming with Irish emigrants, which had just arrived at the wharf. 'It is very fortunate, madam,' said I, 'that those persons have not colored skins; for, if they had, the whole city would be thrown into consternation.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'it is lucky for them, indeed.' 'What a reprehensible spectacle,' said I, 'we are presenting to the world! We open our arms wide to receive all that is wretched, degraded and vile, which Europe is disposed to disgorge upon our shores—the wretched we relieve—the degraded we elevate—the vile we reclaim—the hungry we feed—the lonely we befriend. And yet,—shameful inconsistency! we are endeavoring to expel nearly three millions of our own countrymen to a far distant and barbarous land, in all their helplessness, poverty, degradation and ignorance, merely because they have complexions which do not please us.' 'We have every reason to blush for our country,' she replied: 'the colonization scheme is a cruel one.' 'I am very sorry to perceive that some of the members of the Society of Friends are entangled in this unrighteous scheme.' 'I know of none.'

'There is Elliott Cresson of Philadelphia,' I replied, 'who is now in England, acting as an agent for the Colonization Society, and imposing upon the tender credulity of the philanthropists of that country.' She did not appear to be familiar with his proceedings. 'If he is advocating the principles of that Society, and professing to speak the sentiments of Friends,' she very emphatically responded, 'WE WILL DISOWN HIM.'

Our conversation was interrupted by the approach of a large number of persons belonging to her society. 'Have you had a meeting?' I inquired. 'Yes—our Yearly Meeting is just concluded,' was the response. 'Was any thing said or done, respecting the subject of slavery?' 'O yes—perhaps never before has it excited so much conversation, or produced a livelier interest. Some of our Friends invited the colored people to assemble together, and then addressed them, bidding them take courage, and giving them good advice. Nearly 2000 persons were present.' 'Ah! how you gladden my heart.'

I learnt in Philadelphia, that the late Yearly Meeting of Friends in that city felt and expressed an unusual degree of sympathy for the people of color, in view of their many trials and discouragements, and that it ordered the printing of 5000 copies of the following excellent address to them, for gratuitous distribution:

EPISTLE FROM THE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS,

Held in Philadelphia, by adjournments from the 9th day of the 4th month to the 14th of the same, inclusive, 1832, to the People of Color residing in Pennsylvania, &c.

It is with feelings of brotherly and Christian sympathy, that we are engaged to address you at this time, to encourage you to bear up under the difficulties and trials which surround you.

Our forefathers took a deep interest in the afflictions of your forefathers: they labored faithfully in pleading their cause, and often stood forth as a mouth for the dumb. The same feeling remains among us who are their descendants. It has solemnly spread over this meeting at this time, and under its influence we now address you.

Although dangers may threaten, and dark clouds may hang over you, and you may feel great discouragements, especially in perceiving a disposition in some to pass oppressive laws against you—when you look as on the right hand, you may fear there is none to help, and on the left there is none to uphold,—yet remember that the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, even than the raging waves of the sea; and if you are steadily concerned to walk before Him in innocence and uprightness of heart, he will be to you a never failing friend and helper in the time of your distress.

We earnestly desire that you may be increasingly concerned, that your lives and conversation among men may be such as become the professors of the name of Christ; ever bearing in mind that the blessed Saviour was a perfect example of meekness, gentleness, and patience, under trial and deep suffering. When he was spit upon and reviled, he reviled not again, but returned blessing for cursing. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. And so far from being among the rich and the great of this world, he declared of himself, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.'

It has been cause of great comfort to us to be informed, that among the people color residing in Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, a large number are conducting in a manner highly satisfactory to their friends. We find that many of you are industriously engaged in different callings, are bringing up your families with reputation, and are giving a good education to your children. We also learn, that by the formation of numerous societies among yourselves, for mutual assistance in times of sickness and distress, you extend aid to each other; and hence prevent many from becoming a burden to the public.

To such of you, especially, as are parents, we desire to hold forth encouragement to persevere in giving useful learning to your children to fit them for business. And may you be careful, by precept and example, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ask counsel of Him to show you how to go in and out before your tender offspring, so that you may be enabled to raise them up in all godliness and honesty—that they may become respectable and useful members of the community, and may prove a comfort to your declining years.

To your children and youth, we feel engaged to offer a word of tender counsel. We would say to them: 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' Honour your fathers and mothers. Cultivate love and kindness to each other in your families. Keep strictly to truth, honesty, and sobriety. Be respectful and courteous in your deportment. Be industrious,—remembering that now while you are young is the all-important time to obtain useful learning, and for the formation of sound principles and correct habits. Thus as you become obedient children of the Lord, and of your parents, the Divine blessing will descend upon you.

And now, with another class we are engaged to exhort, and to plead with them on behalf of their own souls. To you who give way to temptation, and lead an evil course of life—Oh! that we could availingly entreat you, solemnly to pause—to consider your ways, and be wise. Experience must have shown you that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' Look around upon your sober and exemplary neighbours,—see the comfort and happiness which they enjoy,—compare their peaceful homes with the vice and misery to be seen in yours! And further remember, that unless you are favoured to experience repentance & amendment of life, an awful judgment will await you in the world to come! While your reprehensible conduct is cause of deep distress to your best friends, it gives occasion to those who are watching over you for evil, to tell them that the People of Color are not fit to be free men and women. It grieves the hearts of your innocent and sober neighbours of your own color, who have sorely to feel the effects of your evil conduct; and it has a tendency to rivet the fetters more strongly on your afflicted brethren and sisters who are still groaning in bondage. Return, then, we entreat you—repent, and live in a sober, honest, orderly and exemplary manner.

Finally we desire to encourage all to put their trust and confidence in our Heavenly Father, who sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night; but who numbers the very hairs of our heads.

May you remember, that his arm is not shortened that it cannot save—nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear; but, for the cries of the poor and the afflicted, he will arise with healing in his wings. Righteousness will yet overstep the nations, and the prediction of the holy prophet will assuredly be fulfilled: 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'

Then indeed the cry of the oppressed shall cease—the now bleeding Ethiopia shall availingly stretch out her hands unto God, and that glorious day will arrive when the kingdoms of this world shall become kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Meeting
JOHN COMLY,
Clerk of the Men's Meeting.
DEBORAH F. WHARTON,
Clerk of the Women's Meeting.

LETTERS FROM LIBERIA.

Nothing is more surprising (except the credulity of the public) than the boldness with which the most preposterous tales are coined and circulated, through the medium of the African Repository and other publications, respecting the happiness and improvement of the colonists at Liberia. The spirit of exaggeration pervades every statement, whether made by the Governor of the Colony, or by fustian orators in this country. We make this assertion advisedly. It is extremely difficult to obtain accurate information of the true condition of the emigrants. Many of their number are disposed to deceive their brethren in the United States, in order to induce them to emigrate, and so secure their company: others are afraid to send home a true statement of facts, lest they should suffer persecution—for those who do not speak in extravagant terms of the progress of affairs in Liberia, are uniformly defamed and proscribed: while others are too ignorant to be able to write.

The fine stories which are trumpeted here by captains of vessels who have visited the colony, are to be received with very considerable abatement. In the first place, the contrast which is undoubtedly visible between the colonists and the natives makes the condition of the former appear more tolerable than it really is: moreover, these captains are, through the influence of common prejudices upon their minds, anxious to see a removal of our whole colored population, and hence their proneness to deal in hyperbole. The truth is, most of them take a hasty and imperfect view of the settlement, and scarcely know any thing more about it when they leave, (and they are sure to hurry away with all possible despatch,) than they did before they visited it.

We now present our readers with two letters from Liberia, which fully expose the fraud which is practised upon the people of this country, (both white and colored,) by leading colonizationists, in regard to the state of the colony. We pledge our character with the public for the authenticity of these letters, and for the integrity and unimpeachable character of their authors. We suppress their names for reasons which are given in the first letter. Comment is needless.

Liberia, Africa, Sept. 26, 1831.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I received yours of the 31st June, per schooner Zumbucan, and handed me by the politeness of Mrs —, together with the tokens of your respects, and was happy to hear of the good health of you and yours. I have a great deal to say to you in this letter; but before I enter the subject, I must premise one thing to you—and that is, profound secrecy as respects my name. And the reason of my requiring this of you is, that the Colonization Society instruct their agents to discharge from office, and treat with contempt, all persons who will write any thing to America contrary to their views, notwithstanding it may be as true as truth can make it. But so long as I feel a national love for my colored brethren, I cannot forbear giving them every necessary intelligence which will prevent their being taken in by a set of men whose object is to deceive them, and who have been deceiving, and are now deceiving them. I read, year after year, their Annual Reports, and am disgusted with the high-painted, but false colors which are put upon their scheme;—and what is worse than all, to find some of our leading men engaged in sending and carrying so many untrue reports to their colored brethren in America. For any one that is as well acquainted with the colony as I am; to read the reports of Mr Francis Devany before a committee of Congress, on the 26th and 27th of May, 1830, is enough to shock him. Mr Devany goes on to say that there are six volunteer companies in the colony in uniform, besides militia, amounting in all to about 500 effective men. This is as far being true as possible. I will now give you the number of voters who voted this year for the office of Vice Agent. For G. R. McGill 76; for A. D. Williams 85; for J. C. Barbour 48. Now allowing about 40 minors who are only eligible to muster, it will make about 249. So you have his 500 effective men.

The main point on which I oppose the Colonization Society is, that they send their travelling agents throughout every section of the United States, and gather up a parcel of people who are not more than half civilized, and who, consequently, have no knowledge of political affairs, and send them out here in a most wretched and miserable condition. Many of them have not so much as a second habit to put on; and when they get them here, they give them a mere cobweb support for about six months, and then turn them loose without any means of support, or any source by which they can support themselves; consequently they have to sell their clothes from their backs to purchase a little rice of the natives. And yet Mr Devany and others trumpet it abroad in America that there are two thousand souls in the colony, surrounded by sources of comfort and happiness; and the Colonization Society are making the poor, ignorant colored people believe, like the Irish when they emigrate to America, that they can pick up money in the street!

There are about five persons employed by the government; and these, in order to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the Agent and the Colonization Society, are ready to mob any person who will say any thing truly respecting the manner in which the Society conducts the Colony; though they at the same time agree (because the facts are too plain to be contradicted) that the majority of the colonists are in a wretched and miserable state.

In point of pecuniary means, the government is not as well off as one of your common merchants; consequently there are no buildings nor fortifications carried on.

I know no claims which the Society has on me, unless it is because I have not been able to build myself a house since I have been here; which claims I believe they pretend to hold, and do hold,

on all who have not built themselves houses, whether they are able to build or not.

You requested me to give you the number of emigrants now here; this I cannot do at present, but I will try to send you the number the next opportunity. The received opinion is, about 1600. Times are getting very stormy, and if they increase I shall be compelled to look out elsewhere.

I must acknowledge to you my thanks for the papers which you sent me, and hope you will send more, as I am glad to hear what the Anti-Slavery Society is doing. You will please write whenever you have a conveyance. My respects to all my friends.

I remain your friend and well wisher,

The following letter is not of a recent date—nevertheless, the facts which it communicates are instructive.

St Paul's, Africa, Feb. 24th, 1828.

DEAR FRIEND—It affords me much pleasure, at present, to announce to you my safe arrival, and good health, both of myself and family; hoping, at the same time, that this letter will find you as it leaves me in point of health. You perhaps recollect that we often observed to each other that there never had been any letters sent to the Baltimoreans, clearly describing the difficulties consequent upon emigrating to this country. I have found since I have been here, to my great dissatisfaction, that all the letters that have hitherto been sent to the Baltimoreans have had a direct tendency to raise the expectations of my American brethren entirely too high. I presume you are well apprised that I left America under the promise of giving to my American brethren the truth undisguised. I yet feel myself under the responsibility of performing what I have promised; consequently neither bribes, frowns nor affection shall cause me to suppress my sentiments. Since I have been here, I have tried to pay all possible attention. I have conversed frequently for the purpose of extracting all the information possible; so that my letters may be composed of as much truth as possible.

Whatever happy auspices the colony may have some time past been blessed with, so as to cause Mr Prout to write, and others to speak in terms so encouraging and flattering, I must say, with all due regard to my conscience, that such happy auspices do not authorise me to write exactly in the same way. But, on the contrary, I must say that contrary facts too strongly authorise me to say, (so far as I am able to judge,) that their flattering accounts seem to have been owing to a want of attending to those connective causes which constitute the happiness of a people.

I find upon strict examination, that they have all given too loose a reign to their theory concerning the riches and the anticipated blessings which will in a future day redound to the colony, (if proper measures are taken,) and have said too little concerning the difficulties consequent upon the attainment of those riches. I feel it my duty to point out to you, so far as I am able, those difficulties; then, and not until then, I shall consider myself exonerated from a duty which I conceive I owe to my American brethren.

We have been told that coffee, rice, palm-oil, and a great variety of other native productions, grow in this country. This is all true; but have we been told how those things are obtained? and what difficulties they are obtained? All those things have been described to us as being immediately accessible to us on our arriving at this place; but this is not the case. We are dependent upon the interior natives for them; and whenever they feel disposed to enhance the prices of their produce, they do it; and upon the colony's refusing to yield to their prices, they have got so wise as to lay embargoes, so as to prevent their subjects from trading with the colony. And whenever this is the case, (as is now the case,) the colony experiences no small inconveniences for the want of the necessities of life. I now say to you, as a citizen of a splendid city, and not only to you, but to all who are (as you are) accustomed to the enjoyment of all the luxuries and dainties common to the place of your nativity, if you are prepared to make an exchange of them, and undergo the difficulties of a foreign and uncultivated country, such as living upon rice chiefly, and undergoing the violent attacks of a fever, which, perhaps, may terminate in your death; and be subject to the fearful apprehensions of being attacked by a whimsical people, and be content to live upon public allowance, and that a very scanty one, such as a pint of rice for each person per week, and a pound of meat per week; and your rice to receive no other seasoning than that which it receives from Adam's ale, you may come; but if you cannot make such an exchange, you had better remain where you are. Perhaps some are ready to say that I have been here too short a time to form any just conclusions concerning the colony. In reply to this objection, I will refer you to the fourth section of my first letter. There you will find the materials from which my letters are composed, viz. from men who have been here two or three years.

Soon after I arrived at this place, having a letter of recommendation, I of course soon repaired to the Governor's house, and found him much indisposed. I presented him my letter of recommendation, and after he had read it, propounded some interrogatories relative to my keeping school; after which he commenced to talk about the colony, and said he was much alarmed at the manner in which the three last expeditions had been sent out—that is, without any provisions for the people to subsist on. But I found, upon enquiring among some of the colonists, that he had been the cause of the emigrants being sent out in that unprovided manner, having published to the agents in America that some certain factories were sufficient to supply the colony; whether they were or not, I know not; but they are now no more; consequently the colony is now in want of provision. I told some of the people that they had not done justly to their brethren in America, in not telling them of the difficulties and sufferings to which they would be exposed after emigrating to this country; to which they in part agreed, but observed that they themselves had to suffer, and their brethren might as well come and suffer along with them. But some got angry, and went off and left me. I found to my great grief and mortification,

that education is at a very low ebb. The generality of the people are too poor to encourage it. I find that the government business is much contracted; consequently it wants but few men to do its business. I find the same baneful evil prevailing here among the people of color that exists in America; which is, that they are too fond of dress. I have been credibly informed that in consequence of this great evil, the colony, in relation to its commercial character, is now much depreciated; and unless things alter for the better, it will be much more. Men who have taken goods from captains to sell on commission, have acted so badly that they have not been able to give satisfactory returns; the consequence of which is, that those trading vessels which have hitherto been trading here, will refuse to come back.

In short, were I to write a pamphlet, I should fail to describe to you the sufferings and inconveniences of the state of the people. And when I attempt to point out difficulties, they crowd upon my mind from so many various quarters that I cannot carry on that connective strain of thought which I could wish. I anticipate another seeming powerful objection, which, perhaps, will be started by some of the advocates of African colonization; which is, that they may start the interrogative, and ask, why did Mr Henson and Mr Benson return back again? I answer, that Mr Henson came to this place in circumstances better than can be expected of the generality of colored people who have emigrated, and no doubt better than the majority or generality of those who may emigrate to this place; consequently he was placed in a condition more propitious. And Mr Benson came on when the trade with the natives was better than it now is. But neither Mr Henson nor Mr Benson can, under the existing state of the colony, expect to do as well as they originally have done. I think I can confidently assert that neither Mr Henson nor Mr Benson gave a correct account of the true state of the colony. Their statement seems to have originated from the seeming prosperity of a few men at Cape Mesurado, who were acting in the capacity of traders. And the generality of these men are the most ungenerous beings that need live. Such of them as have provisions, ask the most enormous prices; such as 20 and 25 cts for pork; beef 15; sugar 25; writing paper of very inferior quality, 75 cts per quire;—and such of them as can write, will ask those who cannot write 50 cts for writing a letter.

The African Repository observes that 'no industrious person can fail to have two suits of decent clothes after being here one year.' This I find not to be the truth in a hundred instances. In fact, I find that book to be nothing more than a repository of false glosses calculated to deceive the colored people in America. The constitution of Liberia asserts that emigrants are provided for 12 months after they arrive here. This is not the fact: if they are supported six months, it is considered as a favor.

I wish I could (as I certainly could) write you more concerning the state of the colony; but as I promised the same to many of my other friends, I must hasten to a conclusion, and refer you to Mr Prout, Millard, Williams, Jared Badger, and Grice. I also wish you to have this letter published in papers devoted to our cause, for it is my intention to stop emigration, if possible. At present I am doing nothing, as the Governor advises me to wait until I see how I come on relative to the fever. The people are very unhealthy at Mesurado. Henry Bond and his two children are dead. All the Goffs are dead except one, and that is Lydia. There were 19 deaths in 19 days. In fact, it is like murdering the northern people to bring them to this country. I gave — a complete reprimand for publishing what he did to the Baltimoreans. There will be several offices to be filled up next May; at which time I may stand a chance to get into some of them.

It is no use for any one to read the African Repository for the purpose of finding the state of the colony; for by the time the reports of which that book is composed reach America, the entire state of the colony is or may be changed. If people could come here stored with provisions and other necessary articles, (I mean such as farmers, so as to last them until they could make proper experiments on their land,) they would avoid considerable degree of suffering to which otherwise they must necessarily be exposed; for as I have before observed, their support from public allowance is not enough to subsist on, neither can any great number of men of learning find employment from government, for reasons before observed. I agree that this is a rich country; but the colony is not situated in the place where such riches abound; and in order to obtain them, we would have to peregrinate far into the interior, where we would have to contend with inhospitable natives. I wish you to write to me by the first chance, and let me know the sentiments of the people.

Adieu, until you hear from me again,

AN INTREPID CONVERT.

Providence, June 23, 1832.

DEAR SIR—Feeling deeply interested for the cause in which you are engaged, I send you the following, permitting you to dispose of it as you may think proper. I acknowledge, sir, for my own part, that for a long time past I have freely indulged myself in ridiculing your endeavors to promote the immediate abolition of slavery, accusing you of sinister motives—motives unbecoming a gentleman, a philanthropist or a christian. But I acknowledge, at the same time, that it was 'done ignorantly and through unbelief.' I have long been a warm advocate for the Colonization Society; but after a thorough examination into its principles, and I had ascertained that it advocates, instead of discouraging the traffic in human flesh, that it is not hostile to slavery—that it increases the value of slaves—is a disparager of the free blacks—opposed to the intellectual, moral and religious culture of the slaves, &c. &c. &c. I renounce it, as anti-republican and anti-christian. The object, sir, in which you are engaged, is a noble one! May you be prospered in your undertaking; and I doubt not, that ages hence, thousands of our colored population, who through your instrumentality shall have been emancipa-

ted, will look back with humble gratitude and 'cherish and revere' your memory.

Yours, &c.

SLAVERY INEXCUSABLE.

The subject of slavery in the Southern States is one of vital interest, and of supreme importance to every philanthropist, patriot and Christian. I know of no subject that has agitated the public mind more, called forth greater talents, and awakened deeper interest, than the subject of slavery. Though so deeply interesting and so thoroughly discussed, slavery still remains the darkest feature in the history of our nation, a scandal, to her name and character; and will ere long, unless Heaven shall interpose, spread a fearful and gloomier desolation over the brightest hopes which inspire us, and the cheering prospects which are now before us. But will Heaven interpose? No! assuredly not! Heaven interpose! What, to extenuate our guilt—to screen us from all that is awful and tremendous in the wrath of God—to reward us for our vile hypocrisy, and inhuman and cursed barbarity—and call us His zealous, faithful and devoted friends, for trampling upon the necks of nearly three millions of human beings; depriving them of their dearest rights and privileges—crushing them in the dust—cutting them off from all intellectual, moral and religious culture—pouring upon them unmingled contempt and unmeasured abhorrence—and treating them as the vilest monsters that ever crawled upon the earth!! Heaven interpose! No! No! It is contrary to God's moral government. The time never has been, and never will be, when either nations or individuals shall violate the laws of God, and prosper. We cannot sin against God with impunity. He cannot look upon sin with allowance, but with the strongest abhorrence. Sooner could I expect to escape detection, or to elude the hand of justice, when I had plunged the dagger into the heart of man, than I can hope that the slave-owner, the slave-dealer, and the kidnapper, can escape the vengeance of Heaven, which will not 'linger, and their damnation, which will not slumber.' No! Heaven will not, cannot interpose! The blood of the sable Africa cries to God from the ground! The cry, long and loud, will not be in vain. The blood, and sighs, and groans of that afflicted race ascend in thick volumes as a stench in the nostrils of Jehovah, and they will be heard, and will 'receive their just recompense of reward.' The judgments of God are abroad in the land, and it is high time that we awake to crimes which are our disgrace, and which will eventually prove our ruin.

Without controversy, slavery is making great progress among us, and rapidly spreading itself through the land, threatening more fearful consequences than have been witnessed since the landing of the Pilgrims. Its polluting footsteps are discernable throughout the Southern States. And unless measures more decisive shall be taken to impede its march, and weaken its strength, and diminish its force, for such institutions as now adorn the Atlantic States we shall look in vain—the blessings of a free government we shall no longer enjoy—mild and peaceable laws will be lost amidst the horrors and confusion of anarchy—our sacred rights will be invaded and polluted by the sacrilegious hands of a blood-thirsty tyrant, and some unprincipled despot, seizing the helm of government, will plant his foot upon the necks of a free and happy people scattered over a vast dominion—misery, wretchedness and we will every where exhibit themselves in the most frightful forms; and groans and lamentations, more awful than the shout of the grim savage, will fill every dwelling in the land. It cannot be otherwise; since there is such an evil, Heaven-daring, God-offending evil enclosed in the heart of this Republic. O, happy Columbia! Light of the world! an asylum for the oppressed!! The groans and shrieks of 'Africa's sable sons,' the ranking chain, the scourging lash, resound through the distant valleys of the Southern States.

But what shall be done to check the progress of this mighty evil? Something must be done, and done quickly. Light and knowledge must go through the earth, man must be free, for God has determined that he shall be—the chain of the oppressor must be broken, and the world must be enlightened, renovated, disenthrallled.

Again I ask, what shall be done? Shall we sit down in supineness, and see nearly three millions of human beings, flesh and blood like ourselves—immortal like ourselves—like ourselves waiting the retributions of the day of judgment—and destined like ourselves either to the bliss of Heaven or to the torments of Hell; deprived of their inalienable and declarative rights? Shall we let our consciences into a sleep, profound as the stillness of the grave, from the recollection that two thousand souls have been transported to the shores of Africa, and that too in the space of sixteen years; while in the same period, thousands and tens of thousands have died in the most vile and soul-degrading slavery? Shall we longer deceive ourselves with the fatal delusion, that this accursed traffic can be gradually abolished? Or shall we close our eyes upon this glaring sin—shut our ears to the groans of the oppressed, and disregard the injustice and inhumanity of man? Shall we slumber on, until the slaves, unable longer to submit, shall rise in a body and avenge their aggravated wrongs? Will they not throw off the yoke, and proclaim their freedom, even though it be through seas of blood and over heaps of slain? Did our fathers resist oppression, and will not they? Is not human nature the same now, that it was in '76? Will they not advance with firm and dauntless steps, till they shall chant the song of freedom, 'in freedom's holy land?' Will they always cheerfully submit, and patiently endure, whatever cruelties, extortions and enormities a tyrannical and hellish spirit shall impose upon them?

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general insurrection. Its effects have already been seen. Though the sparks be concealed in the embers, they will burst forth again with great violence, and overspread the land with ruin. Combining all the materials of war, havoc, and devastation into one tremendous cloud, like an overwhelming torrent, they will pour their savage deluge over the land, through the length of it, and through the breadth of it. Like a raging pestilence, they will ravage the whole country, plunder every dwelling, and deluge the land in blood. And where will the carnage cease? They have been long oppressed. And now they have commenced, they will not cease; but will contend for their liberties to the last inch of ground, and till the last drop of blood has been sacrificed upon the altar of Freedom. Alas! as well might we expect the sun to stop in mid-heaven, or the leopard to change his spots, as to expect that that ignorant, oppressed and wretched people should cease to make depredations on every thing which had the remotest tendency to make men comfortable and happy. In their mad career, they would have no regard to age or sex. Husbands would be torn from their wives, and children snatched from the tender embraces of kind and indulgent parents. Yea, thousands would fall a sacrifice to their hellish rage—the laws and institutions of the land would be demolished—libraries wrapt in flames—altars, temples and churches abrogated from the worship of the living God, and consecrated to the service of devils. Such is a faint picture attendant upon a general insurrection. Its fearful effects are portrayed in bold relief in the recent insurrection at Jamaica. We need only open our eyes, and we shall see causes enough for alarm. We need only unstop our ears, and the groans and supplications of two millions in bondage, imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon our heads, will rouse us to immediate, energetic action. We need only open our Bibles, and we shall every where find, that God frowns upon the oppressor, utters his most solemn denunciations against him, and commands him to break the chain, and let the oppressed go free: and to do justice, love mercy, and walk uprightly.

However enthusiastic I may have been in my remarks; however much I may have been governed by a zeal, not according to knowledge, or actuated by a mistaken philanthropy; however much I may have wandered in the regions of fancy, or described horrors, that dwell only in a frenzied imagination; yet may God, in his infinite mercy, preserve us from the fatal reality, and avert from our country the evils and dangers which threaten it. But to beseech God to preserve us from calamity and distress, while we keep two millions of human beings in bondage, is solemn mockery. Let us be consistent. God will not be mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Since it is a truth, self-evident, eternal, unchangeable truth, demonstrated by the voice of God and by the Constitution of our own Government, that man cannot hold property in man; let us at once emancipate our slaves, leaving the consequences to God. Let justice be satisfied, though the Paradise of America be converted into a howling wilderness. Let us be just and fear not. Let us not forget the wretched victims of their oppressors' deep-stained depravity. Let us use every endeavor to meliorate their moral degradation, and devote our wealth, our talents, and our lives to the accomplishment of an end so devoutly to be wished;—and let us anticipate the day, when our colored population shall enjoy the blessings of freedom; when moral and intellectual culture shall be the bulwark of our Republic; and when our banner, free from stains of blood, shall wave in triumph and glory over a country, flourishing, happy and disenthralled.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION.

The discussion on the merits of the American Colonization Society was continued to a late hour on Monday evening last, at Franklin Hall, head of Franklin street, before a large audience. It will be renewed on Monday evening next, at the same place. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend. We have no room, to-day, to make any remarks upon the debate of the last evening. The principal advocate who has appeared in behalf of the Society, is Mr. Isaac Orr, ex-editor of the American Spectator. Our best compliments to the gentleman—we shall pay him particular attention hereafter.

ADDRESS ON SLAVERY.

An Address on Slavery will be delivered in this city on Wednesday morning next, (July 4th,) by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. At the close of the services, a collection will be taken up in aid of the funds of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society. A notice of the hour and place of the meeting will be given in the daily papers.

HOLD!—GIVE NOTHING! The Rev. Mr. Danforth, an Agent of the American Colonization Society, will deliver an address on the 4th of July, in the Bowdoin-street church in this city, in behalf of that Society. A contribution will be taken up in support of a project, which (to adopt the language of an able writer) is of a nature to give eclat to a few ostentatious speech-makers; amuse the curious; tantalize the credulous; pick the pockets of the liberal; disappoint the sanguine; furnish a few drones with expending money, and to fail for the want of funds. We believe that the time is rapidly approaching, when the benevolent and pious in the New-England States will consider it no more insulting to their intelligence and moral sense to be urged to support the system of slavery, than to support the Colonization Society on its present principles. Mr. Danforth may advance many good sentiments, make many pathetic appeals, and draw many beautiful pictures; but he is utterly unable to prove that argument, that the doctrines and operations of the Society do not retard the abolition of slavery, and prevent the rapid improvement of the free people of color. In the pulpit, he will be safe from in-

terrogation; otherwise some difficult questions might be propounded to him for an answer.

APPOINTMENT OF AN AGENT. The New-England Anti-Slavery Society has appointed ARNOLD BUFFUM, its worthy President, to visit various parts of New-England as an Agent, to deliver addresses on the subject of slavery, take up collections in aid of the funds of the Society, form auxiliaries thereto, and make every exertion to enlighten and reform public sentiment in relation to this noblest of enterprises. Mr. Buffum is possessed of untiring perseverance, great clearness of moral vision, indomitable courage, and expansive philanthropy. He is, moreover, an attractive speaker. We trust his mission will prove eminently serviceable to the cause of God and of bleeding humanity, and that the friends of the cause, wherever he may meet them, will promptly assist him in his arduous and responsible labor of love.

For the Liberator.

ODES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

AIR—Aud Lang Syne.

Shall Africa's children be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
That 'much enduring race,' who long
In slavery have pined?
Oh no! they shall not be forgot—
We'll ever bear in mind
The millions of our fellow men
Who still in slavery pine.
Shall we our country's freedom be at,
Forgetful of the sigh
Breathed from two million countrymen,
That gives our boast the lie?
Two million of our countrymen
By countrymen oppressed!
Grief, shame and indignation swell
Each true and generous breast.
Shall woes unequalled be forgot,
Which slavery's victims bear?
The toil compelled, the hunger, stripes,
The anguish and despair!
By tyrant power asunder torn,
Bereft of all that's dear,
When husbands, wives, and brethren weep,
Have we no answering tear?
See childhood parent, orphan'd child,
Though child and parent live!
Live, still the kindred tie to feel,
The parting still to grieve.
Oh no! their woes we'll ne'er forget,
We'll do, as well as feel;
Their utter, hopeless, helplessness
Shall be their strong appeal.
Shall we the days gone by forget?
Our nation's infant song,
That 'all men free and equal are,'
Which burst from every tongue?
Like aud lang syne this truth we hold,
And never will resign;
Our brethren's rights we'll still declare,
For aud lang syne.

Then give a hand each freeman true,
And here 's a hand of mine—
This holy cause must sure succeed,
If all true hearts will join.
Then here we join each heart and hand,
Resolved we'll ne'er despair;
Nor cease our brethren's cause to plead,
Till they our freedom share. J. E.

YE WHO LIBERTY REVERE!

AIR—Bruce's Address.

Ye who liberty revere!
Hold it far than life more dear—
Ye who boast from year to year,
Free and equal laws!
In the name of the oppress'd,
In the name of the distress'd,
We demand their wrongs redress'd—
Who will aid our cause?

Who, when freedom be commends,
Freedom but for self intends,
Let him rest in selfish ends,
Selfish liberty.
Who for others' woe or weal,
As his own can strongly feel—
Let him hark the slaves' appeal
To his sympathy.

To boast our country free, how vain!
Freemen will the frost disdain,
While two million countrymen
Pine in slavery.

By our country's sacred name,
By her glory and her shame,
Hence be it our solemn aim
From her shame to free.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our brethren's servile chains,
We will still, while life remains,
War with slavery.

Yet no battle's storm shall lower,
Truth shall claim the day and hour,
And religion's holy power
Gain our victory! J. E.

'THOUGHTS ON COLONIZATION.'

Extract of a letter from a clergyman in a neighboring State.

'I have been employed in reading your work on the Colonization Society. So far as I have read, I like it: the spirit of it is good, and it will cost our opponents much labor to get over the truth and arguments there presented. It will do much to correct public opinion; and circumstances, which must be operating more and more to show the falsity of their doctrines generally and the bad spirit of their productions, will corroborate your statements and arguments. Your argument against the utility of the colony as a means of advancing christianity, if not at once perfectly convincing, is exceedingly fair and forcible, and will throw much light on the minds of those who are supporting it primarily to that end.

Rest assured that you have not written in vain, nor exposed the hypocrisy, ignorance and folly of many of the grand abettors of colonization. They

will try to evade the force of your charges, but the testimony against them, as a whole, is unequivocal. The south will undoubtedly come into the scheme more and more—the north must withdraw, and then the machine will work on principles of selfishness and oppression, and will only help to make up the cup of trembling which is in the hand of the oppressors, and is ready to run over with destruction. The north, I trust, will enter upon the abolition of slavery and the improvement of the people of color here, and will establish missions among the natives of Africa. One half the money spent in direct missionary efforts in Africa, would, I believe, have converted, under God, more natives than the Colonization Society has sent emigrants to Africa; and these natives, many of them, might be preaching and distributing tracts and bibles in many parts of Africa. I have longed for the establishment of a missionary station in Africa, and am quite anxious that a Missionary Society should be established for that continent. The colored people would have confidence in such a plan, and so would the christian public. I have perhaps \$20 collected at our monthly concert for foreign mission, particularly in Africa; but we know not what course to take with it, as there is no missionary society in the country which has missionaries among the natives.'

From a Gentleman in New-York.

'Colonizationism is about to experience a shock, which, like the earthquake, will level all before it. A Society so manifestly iniquitous as the Colonization Society, must at some time or other fall; such a Society cannot exist long! Already have the enemies of the unholy crusade of African Colonization unfurled the banner of reason, and led on by justice and philanthropy, have begun to wage war—and the army of justice is rapidly and auspiciously augmenting.'

'The Colonization Society holds no more meetings in New-York, now! What a pity! How long before they'll stop altogether? And the Editors of the Journal of Commerce, Col. Stone, the Jew gatherer-together, &c. talk no more of 'Great Meetings!' Now should there be another insurrection, what a ferment there would be among all the great men! A dozen Colonization Meetings would be called, and, without effecting anything whatever, they would be forgotten amid the bustle of our great city.'

'Let us, my dear Sir, continue our warfare until we behold the condition of our distressed countrymen ameliorated.'

ANOTHER STATEMENT CONTRADICTED.—The Liberia Herald of Feb. 22d asserts that but two of the emigrants who went out from this country in the ship James Perkins (an old woman and a child) had died. We have seen a letter from a highly respectable colored merchant in Liberia, dated Feb. 19th, (three days prior to the publication of the Herald,) from which we make the following extract:

'This is an uncommonly healthy season, and not more than ten or twelve deaths have occurred (according to physicians' report) among the emigrants per James Perkins; but I do not think, from what I have seen, that there are more than 40 persons left of the 100 per Carolina.'

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

'Am I not a Woman and a Sister?'



FEMALE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

During his recent sojourn in Philadelphia, (rendered inexpressibly delightful by the kindness of friends,) the Editor of the Liberator had the privilege of visiting and addressing a society of colored ladies, called the FEMALE LITERARY ASSOCIATION. It was one of the most interesting spectacles he had ever witnessed. If the traducers of the colored race could be acquainted with the moral worth, just refinement, and large intelligence of this association, their mouths would hereafter be dumb. The members assemble together every Tuesday evening, for the purpose of mutual improvement in moral and literary pursuits. Nearly all of them write, almost weekly, original pieces, which are put anonymously into a box, and afterwards criticised by a committee. Having been permitted to bring with him several of these pieces, he ventures to commence their publication, not only for their merit, but in order to induce the colored ladies of other places to go and do likewise. This society is at present composed of about twenty members, but is increasing, and full of intellectual promise.

TO A FRIEND.

You ask me if I do not despair on account of the Bill now before our Legislature? I am cast down, but not in despair. I am aware that it will be our lot to suffer much persecution, and I have endeavored, for the last year, to fortify my mind against approaching trials, by reading what others have suffered. In perusing Sewell's History of the people called the Quakers, I was particularly struck with the account of Barbara Blagdon, a young and timid woman, who, by the help of the Almighty, was enabled to endure cruel persecution, not only with patience but with joy. On one occasion, being severely whipped, even until the blood streamed down her back, she sang the praises of her God aloud, rejoicing

* This Bill is 'to prohibit the migration of negroes and mulattoes into the Commonwealth.' It has been postponed to the next Legislature—we trust, for the honor of Pennsylvania, postponed forever.—Ed.

that she was counted worthy to suffer for his name; which increased the anger of the executioner, and made him say, 'Do ye sing? I'll make you cry by and by.' But Barbara was strengthened by an invisible power, and afterwards declared if she had been whipped to death, she should not have been dismayed. Earnestly have I prayed, my friend, that a double portion of her humility and fortitude may be ours. In despair! no, no—God is on our side. With the eye of faith, I pierce the veil of futurity, and I see our advocate, after having honorably borne the burden and heat of the day, sitting down peacefully by his 'ain fire-side.' Time has scattered a few blossoms on his head, but left his manly brow without a wrinkle. Hundreds of liberated slaves are pressing round him, eager to testify their gratitude.

See yonder mother, with her infant! She approaches him, and kneels at his feet, raises her eyes to heaven, and would speak her gratitude; but tears and sobs impede her utterance. O, her tears are far more eloquent than words.

I see black and white mingle together in social intercourse, without a shadow of disgust appearing on the countenance of either; no wailing is heard, no clanking chains; but the voice of peace and love and joy is wafted to my ear by every breeze.

And what has wrought this mighty change? Religion, my sister; the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus; and such are its effects wherever it appears. Could I not thus look forward, I should indeed despair. ZILLAH.

Philadelphia, April 1st, 1832.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell!—but thou wilt soon forget
The stranger thou hast seen,
And in the gay and busy world,
Forget that I have been.

And thought of me will scarce intrude,
When other forms are nigh;
Who, decked in beauty's bright array,
Shall pass before thine eye.

Another's lips will charm thee then,
Another's voice will praise;
Thou wilt forget we e'er have met
In past and happy days.

And thou wilt scarcely deign to think
Of friendship's early dream,
Or cast one glance, in after years,
On this poor offering.

Farewell—farewell!—'t were better far
That we had never met,
Than meeting one brief moment here,
To part—and then forget. ADA.

Philadelphia, June 12th, 1832.

SLAVERY RECORD.



SLAVERY HORRIBLE AT BEST.

Extract of a letter from a Clergyman.

'I have seen several pious persons of the north who have resided at the south, who give their unqualified testimony against slavery. Men of business are apt to apologise for the south, if they expect again to visit it for wealth; but men who are not influenced by such motives declare slavery, as it exists in our country, horrible at best. In the south-west, the hardships of the blacks are awful. They are almost uniformly driven from day-break to star-light, with only a short interval for dinner. Young females on most of the plantations hold the plough in Mississippi, and work as long as the men. Slaves are high in that state—a common hand will bring \$500. Mulattoes are house servants generally, and are much higher—and superior female mulattoes will bring \$1000 each. The Colonization Society begins to receive patronage from many slaveholders—a few from benevolent motives, who are willing to release their slaves—but generally because they wish to get rid of the free people, and to hold their slaves the more securely.'

SLAVERY IN THE WEST INDIES.

In the April number of the Edinburgh Review, some infamous facts on the treatment of British slaves are given in a review of Jeremie on Colonial Slavery.

Mr. Jeremie was the Chief Justice of St. Lucia and had expressed to the under Secretary of State, in writing, an opinion favorable to the condition of the Slaves. Having sent off the opinion, which was made without examination, he saw a negro with a collar rivetted around his neck with three prongs ten inches in length, and at the end of which were three more, an inch long, connected by a chain, with fetters at the ankle. His back and limbs were covered with wounds. This collar was worn day and night. The females by way of punishment were hung by the arms to a peg, and the whole weight of the body rested on the wrists and the tips of the toes. The field slaves constituted another mode of torture; and it is a pity that they should not 'plague the inventor.' The hands are inserted in grooves which may be raised high above the head, and the feet are inserted in others, while the toes only touch the ground. Pregnant women are not exempted.—Was there ever an age of Chivalry, or of Justice? Mr. Jeremie in his capacity of Judge had to decide in the case of an overseer against a proprietor for wages; and the latter filed an account in offset; which, to show the cruel manner of conducting such claims in the West Indies, we copy. After a few items of soap, candles, &c. comes,

For the value of John, the Cooper, flogged to death by you, \$400
For the price of the negress Mary Clare who died by bruises received by you, \$300
The judge discussed the proof as a mere matter of account, but as one case only was clearly proved de-

ducted only the \$300. Who was the proprietor that trafficked thus in murder? He was the former Chief Justice of the Colony. Mr. Jeremie mentions a complaint in which a planter was charged with having murdered six or eight slaves in as many years. The complaint originated in a dispute, and not for justice or humanity. It however produced a general alarm, and the criminal escaped. The murderer, however, made a charge of the value of one slave to the public treasury, which was paid on the ground that he was killed as a runaway. Mr. Jeremie at length had his eyes opened to the colonial standard of right and wrong, and he saw that his instances were not peculiar to St. Lucia. He refers to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Moss, in the Bahamas, who suffered a short imprisonment for killing a young female slave, by confinement in the stocks, repeated flogging, and rubbing in her eyes the capsicum pepper. When released from Prison, they were honored with a public dinner. What must be the people where an act like this is honored? A more general way, however, is for the grand jury to ignore a bill for murder.—*Courier.*

THE WEST INDIES.

By the brig Ambassador, Captain Vaughan at New York, Jamaica papers to the 24th May inclusive, have been received.

His Majesty's schooner Speedwell captured on 7th, after a chase of 11 hours, and sent into Havana, a Spanish slaver, with 239 slaves on board. The prize was called 'the Planeta.'

The Port of Spain (Trinidad) Gazette Extraordinary gives an account of an extensive destruction of growing cane on several estates by fire. From the conduct evinced by the slaves during the conflagration, it was feared that a still greater destruction would follow.

An irruption of negroes had been made into the town of Angostura. They got possession of the fort, but were eventually driven out with great slaughter.

The state of insubordination among the slaves at Barbice, is represented as very alarming.

Mr. Light's 'ESSAYIST,' for June, exhibits a fair amount of talent. The work is gradually gaining a substantial reputation. The writer of the sketches under the head of 'American Pulpit,' evinces much care in their composition—much fairness, on the whole, in his awards—and no small share of critical acumen. His sketch of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, in the present number, is tolerably accurate. Contents:

Dr. Lyman Beecher; To Sonnet; Spectator, No. 2—Our Country; Modern Charity; To a Backwood's Boy; Musical Taste; The Insane Hospital at Charlestown; To —; Fred. Triller; A Trip Eastward; Love of Country; Associations for Mutual Improvement in Providence, R. I.; Love Melancholy, No. 1; Essayist Room—Literary Notices.

Agents and Subscribers! the publishers of the Liberator are greatly in need of money to liquidate bills to a considerable amount. Will you help us out of our dilemma?

The Editor acknowledges, with pleasure, the superior ability and interest which were imparted to the columns of the Liberator, by the gentlemen to whom the paper was entrusted during his recent absence.

A. S. Mr. Jones's eighth Letter, and other communications next week.

Mr. Robert C. Gordon, 212, South 7th Street, Philadelphia, is authorised to act as an Agent for the Liberator in that city.

Letters received at this office from June 22, to June 29, 1832.

Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, New Haven, Ct.; Henry C. Prior, Port-au-Prince; Edward Johnson, Lynn, Mass.; James Leach, Chillicothe, Ohio; James Needham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Eli Hazzard, Buffalo, N. Y.; Homes Gaillard, Port-au-Prince.

Execution of Mina.—On Thursday, about half past 9 o'clock, A. M. the culprit Mina was taken from his prison in Doylestown, and conducted to the gallows. Very early in the morning Mina had a barber called, who shaved him and dressed his hair in a fashionable style. He wore a handsome new black frock coat, black vest, and light pantaloons, and black hat. He walked with great composure to the gallows, where he remained more than an hour conversing with the sheriff, Mr. Morris, his Counsel, Mr. McDowell, and a clergyman. There was apparently no fear of death in the man, and he manifested scarcely less desire to appear at ease and stylish than if he was going to a ball room. At half past 11 A. M. the drop fell from under him, and Mina was launched into eternity.

Address on Slavery.—An address on Slavery was delivered by Mr. Arnold Buffum, in Mr. Lamson's meeting-house, on Sabbath evening last. A respectable audience listened attentively for more than an hour to a touching recital of the wrongs of the African slaves, and a powerful appeal in their favor.—*Dedham Politician.*

Rev. Moses Thacher of Wrentham, has consented to deliver an Oration before the Anti-masonic Convention at Augusta, Me. on the 4th July.

Ten deaths in Philadelphia week before last from Mania a Potu, or madness from rum.

MARRIED.—In Philadelphia, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, Mr. George Andrews to Miss Emily Dudley, both of P.

DIED.—At South Boston, Moses Augustus, son of Moses Consett, aged 7 months.

THE SHRINE. This day published by COTTONS & BARNARD, The Shrine, conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College, Vol. 1—No. 2.

Contents.—Eloquence; The Dying Milanese; English Bards—Wm. Wordsworth; To Laura; The Writings of Junius; The Pursuit of Truth; The Renunciation; The Oath; The Character of King David; Night; Solitude; Misapplication of Talent; Conversation on Painting, Sculpture and Poetry; Sonnet; To a Lady. Literary Notices, &c. etc.

Subscriptions received at Cottons and Barnard's, No. 184 Washington street.

ALSO THIS DAY PUBLISHED, THE BOSTON LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

CONTENTS.

The Red Man.—A Tale of Truth. Concluded; Hope; Sports of his Satanic Majesty; Wilfred.—Canto I.; The Madman.—Translated from the French of S. Henry Berthoud; Winter of Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Two; Why I am a Bachelor; Illustration; Arrival at Augsburg.—From Hardenberg's 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen.' Part I. Chap. II.; Stanzas to My Niece; The New Ship; The Fine Arts.—No. II.—Athenaeum Gallery.—Statuary.—Jephthah & his Daughter; Bryant's Poems.—LITERARY NOTICES.

LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]
ON DISSIPATION.

Not the jaws of Charybdis, nor the hoarse rocks of Scylla,
Not all the fell monsters that lurk in the deep,
Not the earthquake's dread yawn, nor the volcano's lava,
Not the pestilence breath, nor the hurricane's sweep;
Not all the dread monsters that live through creation,
Have caused such destruction, such misery and woe,
As from that arch pest of mankind, Dissipation,
Through the civilized world, incessantly flow.
'Tis a vortex insatiate, on whose giddy bosom
The victim is whirled, till his senses are gone;
Till, lost to all shame and the dictates of reason,
He lends not one effort to ever return.
Ah, view on its surface the ruins of genius,
The wreck of the scholar, the christian and friend;
The learning, the wit, and the graces that charmed us,
In the mind-drowning bowl meet a premature end.
Ah! here drowned in tears the disconsolate mother
Laments the lost state of a favorite son;
Here the wife and the child, the sister and brother
Mourn a husband, a father, a brother undone.

THE INDIAN BOY.

[SELECTED.]

From the blood-stained track of ruthless war
An Indian boy had fled;
Remote from his home in the wild woods far,
A moss bank pillowed his head.
His glossy hair was damp with dew,
His air was wild and meek—
And it seemed that a straggling tear or two
Had wandered down his cheek.
For he saw in his dream the bayonets gleam,
He saw his kindred fall;
And he heard his mother's dying scream,
And the crackling flames take all.
In his feverish sleep he turned and rolled,
Mid the fern and the wild flowers gay;
And his little hand fell on a rattlesnake's fold,
As coiled in the herbage it lay.
His head the stately reptile raised,
Unclosed his fiery eye;
On the sleeping boy for a moment gazed,
Then passed him harmless by.
'T was well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the serpent's lair;
Thy fate perchance would different be,
Had the white man slumbered there.
His short nap o'er, up rose the child,
His lonely way to tread;
Through the deepest gloom of the forest wild
His pathless journey led—
Where high in air the cypress shakes
His mossy tresses wide;
O'er the beaver's stream and the dark blue lakes,
Where the wild duck squadrons ride.
At the close of the day in a wilder glen,
A covert met his view;
And he crept well pleased in the sheltering den,
For chilly the night wind blew.
And soon his weary eyelids close,
Though something touched his ear;
'T was only the furnished wolf's nose,
As she smelt for her young ones near.
And forth she bled at the noon of night,
To seek her customary prey;
And the Indian boy at the peep of light,
He too pursued his way.
'T was well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the wild beast's lair;
Thy fate perchance would different be,
Had the white man slumbered there.
But where, alas! poor wanderer! canst thou stay,
Where white intruders shall molest no more?
Like ocean's billows, their restless way,
A whelming deluge spreads from shore to shore.
Their onward march, insatiate as the grave,
Still shall they hold—to province province join,
Till bounded by the broad Pacific's wave,
Their giant empire seas alone confine.
And lo! their missions distant climes explore,
To spread the joyful tidings far—
While wrapped in ten fold darkness at their door,
The forest children find no guiding star.

ODE TO NEPTUNE.

ON MRS W—'S VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.
BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY, AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

While raging tempests shake the shore,
While Elia's thunders round us roar,
And sweep impetuous o'er the plain,
Be still, O tyrant of the main!
Nor let thy brow contracted frowns betray,
While my Susannah skims the watery way.
The power propitious hears the lay;
The blue-eyed daughters of the sea
With sweeter cadence glide along,
And Thames responsive joins the song.
Pleased with her notes, Sol sheds benignant ray,
And double radiance decks the face of day.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT BOUTWELL, ESQ.

Hold your mad hands! forever on your plain
Must the gorged vulture clog his beak with blood?
Forever must your Nigra's tainted flood
Roll to the ravenous shark his banquet plain?
Hold your mad hands! What demon prompts to rear
The arm of slaughter? On your savage shore
Can hell-sprung glory claim the feast of gore,
With laurels watered by the widow's tear.
Wreathing his helmet crown? Lift high the spear!
And like the desolating whirlwind's sweep,
Plunge ye on bark of anguish in the deep:
For the pale fiend, cold hearted Commerce there
Reathes his gold-gendered pestilence air,
And calls to share the prey his kindred demon war.

THE BLUSH.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the rases.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Metropolitan.

A SCENE IN THE LAST WAR.

The war with France being over, Sir Peter Parker took leave of his wife at Bordenax, and we, with a large convoy, with troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potomac, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war: on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and when night came on, they resembled the signal fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines attached to the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person, and with him as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St George's Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labor but likewise the resort of some few militia-men guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishes, and instructed our general in some of the safeguards of a land army. When we arrived within two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known; every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labor; we therefore most valiantly set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and cries of the women; and like a parcel of savages, as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reason why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggression in the North; in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militiaman was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral's ship, while Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling house near the beach. It was 9 o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir-trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open, and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies, sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker and myself entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn had naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanor. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the Colonel, their father. He was out, and not expected home. 'He provided arms for some of the militia,' continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words—'I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has kindly assisted in arming the militia, and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes time I must set fire to this house, therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises.' Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all despatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father: 'They never assisted in the war, excepting to succor a wounded enemy.'—'They never urged their father to arm the militia: they were, in fact, unprotected females.'—Five minutes had elapsed; in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl about sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment, and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene, that I appeared to see through a thick mist. There stood Sir George. His countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; a third stood a kind of Niobe in tears; and whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter, his feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short; the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fireballs. Never shall I forget the despair and anguish of that moment. Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and implored his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of destruction, which made the innocent helpless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George. I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out, 'Fie, fie!' was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men. [!]

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impresses itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish.

The Editors of the N. Y. Com. Advertiser consider that if disease does come to New York, it will be soon after the revels of the 4th of July. It is a fact familiar to our attentive readers, that the Cholera first appeared in England immediately after the dissipation and revels of the Christmas holidays.

A New Orleans paper mentions the death in that city on the 19th ult. of a negro, a native of St. Domingo, aged one hundred and thirty-three years.

FABLES.

[Translated from the German of Lessing.]

The Nightingale and the Vulture.

A Vulture pounced upon a singing Nightingale. Since you sing so sweetly, said he, how deliciously must you taste!
Was it jesting malice, or was it simplicity, what the vulture said? I know not. But yesterday I heard one say: that young lady who writes poetry so beautifully, must not be a most lovely young lady? and that was surely simplicity!

Æsop and the Donkey.

The Donkey said to Æsop: when you publish another story about me, pray let me say something sensible and witty.
Say something witty! said Æsop; how would that look? Would not men say that you were the moralist, and I the ass?

The Lion with the Donkey.

As the Lion of Æsop with the Ass, who used, by his frightful noise, to help him drive the wild beasts, was going to the woods, an impudent crow cried out to him from a tree: A fine companion you have! are you not ashamed to go with an Ass? Whomever I can use to my profit, replied the Lion, to him sure I will afford to give my company.

So think all the great, when they receive inferiors to their intimacy.

The Nightingale and the Lark.

What shall we say to those poets, who steer their flight so high above the comprehension of the greater part of their readers? What else, than what the nightingale once said to the lark: Fiest thou so high, my friend, only that thou mayest not be heard?

The Shepherd and the Nightingale.

Do you complain, Favorite of the Muses, on account of the vulgar and noisy crowd, which hangs around Parnassus? Then hear from me, what once was said to the Nightingale.

Sing now, lovely Nightingale! said a shepherd to the silent songstress, on a beautiful summer's evening.
Alas! said the Nightingale, the frogs make so much noise that I have no desire to. Do you not hear them?

I do indeed hear them, replied the Shepherd, but your silence is the reason why I hear them.

The Knight in Chess.

Two boys wanted to play Chess. As one of the Knights was wanting, they made a supernumerary pawn to serve in its place, by means of a mark.

Halloo, cried the other knights, where did you come from, Mr. Step-by-Step?

The boys heard the sport, and said: Be still! does he not answer the same purpose as you do?
Augusta Courier.

SUICIDES AT PARIS.

In a recent number of the 'Annales d'Hygiène,' there is a memoir on the suicides committed by persons in the several stages of life, in which the author, who has examined about 9,000 judicial accounts of suicides in Paris, from 1796 to 1830, thinks himself warranted in assuming: 1, That philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place during the night, or a little before day-break: 2, That accidental or unpremeditated suicide takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, &c. &c. At every age man chooses particular modes of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for fire-arms: in proportion as his vigor declines, he returns to his former mode; and it is most commonly by hanging that the old man perishes who puts an end to his existence. These considerations are extremely curious with respect to medical jurisprudence. The following table shows the mode of suicide most common at different ages:

Age.	Pistol.	Hanging.
From 10 to 20	61	68
20 to 30	283	51
30 to 40	182	95
40 to 50	150	188
50 to 60	161	256
60 to 70	126	235
70 to 80	85	108
80 to 90	2	0
	1000	1000

The author, it seems, has taken no account of self destruction by poison, drowning, or other modes.—Paris paper.

Singular Act of Violence and Suicide.—On the homeward passage of brig Aurora, Capt. Chase, at this port, from St. Croix, when three days out, the cook, a colored man, named John Harvey, about 10 o'clock at night, it being the mate's watch, struck four violent blows with an awning post on the head and face of one of the seamen, forward, and then jumped overboard. Capt. Chase was immediately on deck, the vessel was hoisted to, and the boat lowered, but the man made no answer to the call, and nothing could be perceived of him. The seaman who was injured, whose name was Ebenezer Johnson, of this city, remained insensible for nearly the whole passage, and has not yet recovered from his wounds. No quarrel had occurred between the others and Harvey, who had given good satisfaction to all on board; but from some strange expressions of Harvey, it is believed by Capt. C. that he was seized with a violent fit of insanity. Harvey is said to have a wife in Portland, and parents in Salem, where he was born. His effects may be obtained.—Boston Patriot.

Unparalleled Parsimony.—Monsieur Vandeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of 32 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking him ten pence for the operation was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for three pence a time; but says the stingy old fellow, 'How often will it be requisite to bleed?' Three times, answered the barber.—'That will be ninepence—too much—too much,' said the miser. 'I have determined to adopt a cheaper way—take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at once, and it will save me sixpence; this being insisted upon, he lost 24 ounces of blood, which caused his dissolution in a few days, and he left his immense property to the King.'

INEQUALITY.

On looking over the tax book for the ensuing year, we perceive that the assessors have again taxed the colored persons who hold real estate in this town. We once before alluded to this subject, with a view of remedying what we then considered a species of injustice and oppression; and with the same view would again call the attention of our Legislature to that subject. The colored class of our population have rights as dear to them, as ours are to us, and it appears to be an idle mockery to pretend that they are our equal, while we disregard their rights, and treat them worse than the Southern planter does his slaves. The slaves, at the South, are never called on to pay the expenses of government, while our free colored population, disfranchised and curtailed of their rights, are unjustly required to contribute to the public purse.

By a law of this State, the colored population cannot be admitted free in the towns, and consequently cannot vote on any question. Is it, then, right that they should be taxed on property on which they cannot vote? The white man who owns 134 dollars worth of real estate in a town, can claim admission as a freeman; while the colored man, who may have ten thousand dollars in real estate, is excluded from that right. This distinction is made by the law in favor of the complexion. We find no fault with the law, (!) for we believe it right, and formed on correct principles; but we think it wrong, under that law, to tax the colored population.

There is another good reason why they ought not to be taxed in this town. A large item of the expenses of the town is Education. We have free schools in every direction, but they are not free to the blacks. The colored man, who pays his tax for the support of such schools, is entirely deprived of the benefit of them—his children are excluded. Is this equitable? Is it right? Will the white population agree to have their children educated at the expense of the blacks? At present, this is the fact. We really hope, in future, there will be no cause of complaint on this subject. All that is necessary to be done, is to exempt the colored population from taxation.

Providence Journal.

MORAL.

ANECDOTE OF A POOR NEGRO.

The Rev. G. C. Smith, at the late anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Seamen's and Soldiers' Friend Society, related the following anecdote of a poor negro on the coast of Africa. It was communicated to Mr. S. by a gentleman who called on him not long since, with a donation of £20 for the society.

A poor negro, who felt some concern about his soul, applied to his priest, who gave him various directions, which were all unavailing. He was so distressed in his mind, that he went wandering about from place to place, without meeting with anything to comfort him. One day, as he was sitting in a solitary manner on the beach, some English sailors came ashore to get water. As they were rolling the cask along, one of them heard the moaning of the poor negro, and going up to him, said, 'Halloo, shipmate! what's the matter with you?' The negro began to tell his tale of woe, in broken language, but was hastily interrupted by the sailor exclaiming, 'Oh, I see what's the matter with you: you must go to England, and there you'll hear of the Christian's God, who paid the debt.' These words were spoken in a careless and thoughtless manner, but they made an impression on the mind of the negro, and he determined to proceed to England.—He travelled a great many miles until he came to an English settlement, where he got leave to work his passage over in a ship that was lying there. During the voyage he would frequently approach one sailor and another, and say with great simplicity, in a plaintive tone, 'Please, massa, you tell me where Christian's God dat pay de debt?' The seamen, who it appears were all irreligious, only laughed at him, and concluded that he was mad. The ship arrived at London and the negro was put ashore at Wapping. Having no money to receive, he wandered from street to street, and whenever he could catch a single passenger, he would stop and say, in the most melancholy manner, 'Please, massa, you tell poor black man where Christian's God dat pay de debt?' Some told him to go about his business, some gave him money, and others supposing him to be deranged, passed on; but he met no one to answer his question. In this manner he continued to stroll about as devoid of comfort in England as in his own land; and frequently would he steal down some by-place, and give vent to his soul in accents like these: 'Ah! me no hear of Christian's God dat pay de debt: I me walk talk, day day, but me no hear. White man tell me in Africa, go to England, but me no find: me go back, me die there.' He saw some people on the Sabbath going into a large house, which he concluded was the temple of the Christian's God; he followed them, and heard a sermon, but he heard nothing about Christ. It was all unintelligible to him, and he still remained the subject of dependancy, and still went mourning about. A gentleman accidentally overheard him one day, while he was complaining to himself of his unsuccessful inquiry after the Christian's God. He spoke to him, and directed him to go to such a place that evening, and there he would hear of the Christian's God. He went, and heard a sermon by that gentleman, on the suretyship of Christ, in which he described sin as a debt, and Christ as paying it, and the price he paid, and that he was ascended up to heaven, and had sent him, the preacher, to say to all, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, &c. Long before he came to the close of his sermon, the Spirit of God had been pleased to touch the heart of the poor negro and to enlighten his mind; he started up in the pew, but without making a noise, and in a whispering tone was heard by the persons near him to say, while he clasped his hands together and the tears ran down his sable cheeks, 'Me have found him; me have found him! the Christian's God dat pay de debt!' After the service the minister had some further conversation with him, and was rejoiced at the state of his mind. An opportunity was afterwards taken to send him back to Africa.

INCONSISTENCIES.

What can I do? said a christian lady when asked to throw a little influence, a little time, and a little money into the benevolent cause of female reform. It is my duty to take care of my own children; without running abroad in pursuit of others. True, you should be a chaste keeper at home; but you should likewise stretch forth your hand to the needy, and the outcast should sometimes be taken into your house. But who will take such reformed vagrants into their families? It is not my duty. Well, what is your duty? you say, it is not to go abroad, to seek out the wretched, and it is not to take them into your house. Will you give your money? why our expenses are so great, and we do not

know what we may want. I cannot feel this my duty at present.—It seems then that God has made one heir of glory and placed her in a world of suffering and sin, and exempted her from all relative duties, save the few endearing plants in her own enclosure, and these plants too, are soon to be removed, and fixed in the very soil, where she has nothing to do, and when they too may need the same aid, and ask it in vain, from a pitiless world.

This is emphatically a day to try men's souls, to draw out those hidden propensities of the heart, which pride might wish to conceal, and show us to ourselves. If covetousness be idolatry, some of us will probably, be ranked below the worshippers of Juggernaut, with the bible in our hands, and the profession of the benevolent Jesus on our tongues.

From the Western (Ky.) Luminary.
RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF PEOPLE OF COLOR.

MR. EDITOR.—There is an evil existing in our country which I and many of your readers would be gratified you would treat of in your paper. It is the failure on the part of professors of religion generally, but especially of elders and pastors of churches, to give religious instruction to our colored population. It is true many of them attend preaching, but the preacher, when he is addressing a congregation of white people, who are tolerably well informed, does not, and perhaps ought not, adapt his language to the capacity of his ignorant black hearers; but does that release him from the obligation of having meetings, especially for them? and does it release the church from endeavouring to get them to attend? and ought they not to hold prayer meetings and Sunday schools in their several neighbourhoods for the benefit of such as cannot attend the preaching? While we are sending missionaries to the heathen abroad, may we not have to answer for the blood of millions who perish at our own doors?

Frozen to Death.—We often see this head in the papers, and, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, it is unnecessary to read any further to learn the cause. It is almost invariably followed with an empty bottle was found in the pocket! or the deceased was seen drinking freely at a tavern or grocery, &c. &c. before. We have probably seen for the five months past, as many as two such notices per day, noticed in the public papers. What were would be spread through the country, were these deaths occasioned by the cholera! In what abstinence would that person be held who should, for the sake of money, be guilty of spreading the disease?
Rochester Observer.

The choice of a Wife.—The whole secret of choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—explore the character. A violent love is always the result of ignorance; for there is a daughter of Eve that has merit sufficient to justify romantic love, though thousands may reasonably aspire that gentle esteem which is infinitely better. A woman worshipper and a woman hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world, for if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be found too good to be loved, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

In New-York, 6th Ward, (says the Inquirer,) the Inspectors and Chloride of Lime Distributors, report that in one house containing sixteen rooms were found ninety-two inhabitants; no borders—present! In two houses opposite of 5 corners were 55, and 45 persons. In the lot of the house were 3 cows, 8 horses, and between 50 and 100 hogs; in the yard of the other 50 hogs.

John Speed the historian, and Shew the antique whose writings became the admiration of succeeding generations, were originally tailors. Simpson the Scottish mathematician, was originally a poor weaver. Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was a fillet in the army.

The difference.—We have one subscriber, at but one, who is two years in advance. We have hundreds who are two years, and more in arrears.—Conn. Observer.

A Lion.—Captain Lombard, of the brig La Pile from Rio Grande, arrived at New York, has brought out a Lion, 8 months old, as docile as a lamb, and plays with the crew with the innocence of a kitten.

INFORMATION WANTED.

JOHN DIPPER of Williamsburgh, Va. is anxious to obtain information of his brother, Daniel Mins, who left Williamsburgh about 40 years ago, and was heard of as living in Boston within the last 17 years. A person by the name of (Cousin) Fayette, of Boston, was well acquainted with him. If either of the above named persons, or any other able to give such information, would lodge a card at the Liberator office, they would confer a favor on John Dipper who is now in New York, anxious to hear from his brother.
New-York, April 21, 1832.

BOARDING HOUSE
FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTLE
PERSONS OF COLOR.
(At the corner of Leonard and Church streets,
NEW-YORK.)

THE Proprietor of the above House returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage, during the past season, and solicits a continuance of their favors; he assures them that no pains shall be spared to render satisfaction to the most fastidious.

JOHN RICH.

New-York, March 24, 1832.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE
AT QUINCY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a large and commodious House pleasantly situated, at the Corner, in Quincy, (8 miles from Boston,) for the accommodation of Travellers and such company as may favor him with their patronage. No pains will be spared to make the most liberal provisions for visitors, and to gratify their desires.
[No] No Spirituous Liquors will be sold, but Hot Coffee and Tea may be obtained at all hours of the day.
[No] Boarders accommodated on liberal terms.
BENJAMIN R. DOWNEY.
Quincy, Mass. May 5, 1833.

WILBERFORCE HOUSE
FRANCIS WILES

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that his House, No. 10 Church street, is still open for the accommodation of gentle persons of color with
BOARDING AND LODGING

Grateful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same. His House is in a pleasant and healthy part of the city, and no pains or expense will be spared on his part to render satisfaction to those who may honor him with their patronage, as comfortable as possible.
New-York, March 26, 1832.